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POETRY.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

THE GRAVE OF DALLAM.

The reader will recollect, that the papers announced the death of Mr. James H. Dallam, who, with many others, was harshly butchered by the Indians, in Florida, in July last. I have seen a gentleman from Florida, who knew Mr. Dallam, and speaks of him in the highest terms. Alas! that so brave, so generous, and gifted a young man, should have been doomed to bleed beneath the reeking arm of the Indian. They were asleep, when the savages rushed upon them and murdered nearly all the party, only three escaping according to the gentleman above alluded to. A faithful dog, attached to Mr. Dallam, remained by his dead body, and was found fourteen days after the murder, by a party of troops who came to bury the dead. The dog was scarcely able to stand, and gave a feeble howl over the friend who had perished by Indian faithlessness; the Indians having entered into a treaty with Gen. Macomb. How long will our government tamper with this matter, and how long shall the Indian tomahawk drink the blood of our bravest and most talented young men!

This noble dog, Romeo, is now a great favorite with the garrison at Tampa Bay. An animal so faithful as to perish to protect the dead body of him he loved from the claws of the vulture, should be remembered in marble, and his affection perpetuated on the pages of history.

Mr. Dallam was a Baltimorean, and educated for the Bar. He was on the eve of returning to his brother and sister in Baltimore. But alas! they will see him no more. He sleeps in a gory grave, in the wilds of Florida.

He came upon the stage of life a youth
Of modern merit, and a spotless fame;
Whose heart was school'd in moral, sacred
truth.

And virtue was his high and holy aim.
In life's bright mor—his infancy's blest years,
He bow'd beside a holy mother's knee;
And vow'd himself to virtue, and in tears
Renounced the faults from which his heart
was free.

That mother lov'd him for the faith he bore,
And her last pray'r for him was fondly said
She went down to the grave on Delaware's
shore.

And sleeps with all the silent dead,
The youth grew up to manhood and the praise
Of all the good and gifted was his own;
Noble ambition caught his mental gaze,
For genius in his mind had made her throne.

He grasp'd no phantom, and no wild career
Was mark'd for him, in life's all chequ'd
scene.

From a disposition his whole heart was clear,
And from each act unadulter'd or mean.
The muse of eloquence had fired his soul,
And long he studied ere he sought the Bar.
And oft in won the smiles in her control,
Alas! to perish in a wild war!

He might have thunder'd in his native hall,
Or the Senate Chamber dared to climb;
Amid the mighty, who have those walls,
Echo the strains of eloquent sublime.

But, aid with talents, taste and sense combined,
He the sunny South pursued the braver;
There, with gift and a mighty mind,
Far from his friends to fall and find a grave.

He left the farm for the tented field,
Careless of court and of the mighty throng;
There to bleed was a victim from reveal'd,
And then to the war-shout and the song.

Twice fight—amid his band of mighty men,
He slumber'd sweetly as a thoughtless child;
While, like dark serpents from a gloomy glen,
They came, and burst the war-whoop loud
and wild.

The camp with glittering steel and ringed
They came like ocean's wild, restleless
waves;

And like a clap of thunder in clear skies,
Broke the mid-war cry on the dying braves.
Brave Dallam dreamt of home and all its
charms;

Of dearest friends, and woke mid wild ap-
pearances;

To grasp a savage Indian in his arms,
Whose naked knife was reeking with his
gore.

His dying eyes gaz'd on his friends around,
From whose brave hearts the crimson
streams did pour;

Then look'd upon the dog, and, with a bound,
Fell back and bled—his lingering dream
was o'er.

And there was Romeo by the lov'd one dead,
Seeking to rouse him from his dreamless
sleep.

Now lie'd the hand that had so often led
Now throng'd down his head as it to weep.
And then he stood there many a weary day,
To watch the corpse whose heart he
had lov'd.

To save the wolf and vulture from their prey,
And perish with the man he dearly lov'd.
And when a band of brothers came to sigh
And to consign them to the grave to dwell:
Poor Romeo, stagger'd, turn'd his weary eye,
And sobb'd how'd a last, a fond farewell.

The gifted and the brave now sleep at rest,
Unmurmured of the treacherous Indian's knife;
On his cold ear falls not the blast of war,
Nor the wild death song, nor the clash of
swords.

But memory oft calls him in after years
Shall treasure, and strew flowers upon his
bourn;

There too shall fall a gentle sister's tears,
And there a much lov'd brother muse and
mourn.

Farewell!—thou'lt go to thy untimely tomb,
But virtue casts a halo o'er the sod;
But death hath lost o'er thee the power of doom,
For thou shalt rise into the halls of God.

Ed. Dec. 6th, 1839. MILFORD BARD.

FAMILY PRAYER.

In binding a family together in peace and love,
there is no human influence like that of domestic
prayer. Uniting them in common objects,
it unites their sympathies and desires. Raising
their hearts to heaven, it brings them alto-
gether in the presence of God. The family al-
tar is an asylum to which they repair from the
care and toils of life.—Reminding them of the
rest received in heaven, it unites them in efforts
of faith and obedience for its attainment. Earth
has no holier spot than a house thus sanctified
prayer, where the voices of supplication and
thanksgiving consecrate every day, where the
word of God is devoutly read, and young and

old united to show forth all his praise. It may
be humble but it is holy, and therefore heavenly.
Poverty may be there and sorrow, but its
inmates are rich in faith, and joy in the Holy
Ghost; but they will come to angels of mercy,
and the spirit whom they release from the im-
prisonment of the flesh shall be united, free
and happy, to worship forever, as earth did not
permit them, a family in Heaven.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

It was a bleak day in the month of
November. The north wind howled
mournfully through the leafless trees—
the broken clouds flitted rapidly across
the face of the heavens—and the whole
face of nature assumed an aspect, cheer-
less and uncomfortable—well calculated
to remind the moralist of the closing
scenes in the great drama of life—
as a traveller, with weary steps, wended
his solitary way through one of those
beautiful hamlets which abound in New
England—and which constitute the noble
ornaments, emblems of freedom,
peace and happiness, of which he is justly
proud.

To judge from his costume, this trav-
eller belonged to the humblest ranks of
life—or had been singled out as a victim
by misfortune. His coarse straw hat,
his patched doublet, and his canvas
trousers, soiled by tar in many places
—while they proclaimed his occupation
and his poverty, seemed but poorly cal-
culated to protect him from the inclem-
ency of the weather. His form was cast
in a noble mould, denoting great activ-
ity and strength. His manly features,
bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun,
and partly concealed from view by his
luxuriant locks of coal black hue, showed
that he was still in the dawn of man-
hood. And his eyes seemed lighted up
with an intelligent spirit—by a gleam of
expectation and hope, with his noble
nature—and that however severely fate
had dealt with him, his energies were
still unbroken—and that though the chill
northern blast, and the fatigues which
it was evident he had recently
undergone, he was resolved to push
onward until the object which he had
in view was accomplished.

"It is now three years," said he to
himself, as he plodded along the road,
"since I very foolishly left my happy
home, urged by a silly pique, and a love
for a life of adventure, to brave the
hardships and perils of the ocean. Since
then my life has been a constant series
of misfortunes. I have met with storms
on every tack. But thank Providence,
although my canvas was sadly reduced
and pretty well worn out—and my pocket-
ois are destitute of ballast—my hull is
unimpaired and my spirits are as un-
broken and buoyant as ever. I hope my
parents are still living, and prosperous
and happy—I was a fool to leave them
And my brothers and sisters—how happy
we were together—and cousin Mary—
that bright little fairy, whom I lov'd
with a love surpassing that of coun-
sins—and in whose company I passed so
many rapturous hours! Oh, I was a
great fool to leave such blissful scenes.
And I believe, after all, that the little
fairy lov'd me! I know she did—she
all but told me so. But it is too late
now to retrace my steps—I can only
regret my folly. I dare say the bright
and joyous young thing has forgotten
Ned Willis, and was married to some
worthier fellow than I am long since.
For her rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes,
and sweet disposition, to say nothing
of the property she was to inherit when
she came of age, attracted many ad-
mirers—and made sad havoc among the
hearts of the youths of the village. Well,
if she is married, there is no more to
be said—I have no right to complain.
But I hope she has chosen a good hus-
band. I will see her once more—wish
her a long life and a happy one—wish
her to see again. But if she is not
married—He did not finish the
sentence, but a change came over the
countenance of the ill-clad and weather-
beaten mariner, as he was indulging in
a vision of rapture—and he involuntarily
quicken'd his pace.

As Edward Willis journey'd onward
towards his home—anticipating by turns
happy and adverse fortunes, he was sur-
prised to find that although it was in the
middle of the week, there was no signs
of labor among the inhabitants. All
was quiet—even the oxen were brows-
ing contentedly in the pastures—the
school-houses were closed, and the
meeting houses were open—the people
whom he met with neatly arrayed in
their Sunday clothes—and their counte-
nances were wreathed in smiles of gra-
titude and joy. On inquiry, he learned
that it was THANKSGIVING DAY. He
hail'd the information as a glad omen.
On the day when this poor, forlorn
looking traveller after years of wander-
ing, was pursuing his way towards his
native village, the fire burned
brightly on the hearth. Stone of his
parents. Deacon Willis was A NEW
ENGLAND FARMER; a man who, by
cherishing the virtues of industry and
frugality, had become possessed of a

handsome property; and who, enjoy-
ing a competence in a free country, pro-
tected by a wise government, surround-
ed by kind and intelligent neighbors, and in
the midst of a happy and virtuous fam-
ily, envied neither nabobs their riches,
nor in search of power.

It was Thanksgiving Day; and great
had been the bustle in Deacon Willis's
family for the previous week. Desper-
ded in a direct line from one of the ear-
liest settlers of New England, no con-
sideration could have induced the wor-
thy Deacon to abate one jot of the
"pomp and pride and circumstance" of
the Thanksgiving of the Puritans.
Thanksgiving was religiously observed
by him, as it had been by his father be-
fore him; and the gratitude which he ex-
pressed to his Creator for the mercies
which he had received, was not a mere
formula of unmeaning words, but came
directly from the heart.

On this day his children were col-
lected all around him; and all anticipat-
ed a joyous Thanksgiving. Several of
his distant relations, who were not so
well provided with the good things of
this life as the worthy Deacon, also ac-
cepted an invitation to be present. Among
those who were sheltered by his hospi-
table roof on this occasion, the great-
est favorite seemed to be Mary
Wardsworth, a blue eyed damsel, whose
lovely and expressive face told more abun-
dantly of sweetness and purity than I could
describe in a folio volume. She was the
only daughter of a cousin of the
worthy Deacon's, and at an early age
was deprived of her parents by death.
But Deacon Willis had been to her
parent; his house had been her home;
his wife had treated her with a mother's
kindness; and his children regarded her
as a sister and a dear friend.

Mrs. Willis's situation as mistress
of the family, was no sinecure on that
day. Her duties were various and im-
portant; for it was the New England
Holiday; and all her skill as a house-
wife; all her excellence as a manager
were put to the test on Thanksgiving
Day. After the family returned from
meeting, for they were of the old fash-
ioned sort, who would almost as soon
lose their Thanksgiving dinner, as be
deprived of their Thanksgiving sermon,
the table was set in the large front par-
lor, which was wont to be used only on
extraordinary occasions, and serious
preparations for the festival commenced.
A good fire, made of walnut and yellow
oak wood, burned cheerfully in the large
open fire-place; and all the females be-
longing to the house, were put in re-
quisition to bear the abundance of the
good things from the kitchen to the
parlor, and which when deposited in their
respective places, made the tables groan
again. At the head of the table, was
placed a portly Turkey, the choicest of
a large and pampered family; at the
further extremity, was deposited a han-
dful of size and flavor to make a Wes-
phalian's eye sparkle with joy. On the
centre was stationed, plucked, roast-
ed, and ready for the carving knife, one
of those celebrated animals, which have
saved from the ranges of the Gauls, the
capital of Rome, and which in vul-
gar parlance, are cycled geese—while here
and there, scattered round the table, in
apparent disorder, but with deliber-
ate care and precision, were boiled fowls,
roasted fowls—jellies, knicknacks, and
plates of vegetables of more variety
and excellence than I would willingly
undertake to unnumber—while on the
kitchen table arranged apparently as a
corn pudding, supported by several ec-
centric Thanksgiving pumpkin pies,
with mince pies, apple pies, squash pies,
and custard pies, with fruits of various
kinds, not forgetting nuts and apples, to
bring up the rear. As a beverage on
this happy occasion, water was the only
article provided—water brought from a
clear and sparkling spring, which bubb-
led up a few rods from the house; for
Farmer Willis contended that water
was the best drink, even on festive oc-
casions—and that hilarity and joy should
be promoted, not by wine or strong drink
of any kind, but by social communion,
by a free interchange of thoughts and
ideas, by generous feelings, born and
nurtured in a public bosom.

It was nearly two o'clock, long after
their accustomed hours of dinner, be-
fore the assembled company where in-
vited into the parlor to partake of the
good cheer which had been so bounti-
fully provided. And as the happy com-
pany stood around the table, waiting for
their host to ask the Divine Blessing
upon the meal which was placed before
them, a shade flitted across the good
man's brow—for his eldest son, a noble
boy, was absent. Among the joyful
faces which surrounded him, Edward's
was not seen. He had his home, years
before, to embrace a seafaring life—and
the wanderer had not returned.—
There was good reason to believe that
he was no longer in the land of the living;
and although they still strove to cherish
hopes in each other's bosoms, many
and bitter were the tears of affection
which had embalmed his memory.

"My poor, dear boy!" exclaimed Mr.
Willis—"Ah, I much fear we shall nev-
er see his smiling face again."

Mary Wardsworth said nothing—but
a tear started into her eye; and any
casual observer would have seen at
once that Edward Willis was dearer to
her than a cousin and a friend; and that
she cherished his memory in the very
depths of her heart.

Just then old Rose, the house-dog,
was head to make some angry remon-
strance to a passing traveller, which at-
tracted attention, inasmuch as it was by
no means an ordinary occurrence; for
Rose was a well nurtured brute, and
seldom accented a well-dressed, gen-
tlemanly personage, in a rude and an-
gry manner, but he entertained the pre-
judice against the victims of misfortune
or intemperance, who wear the garb of
poverty, which is cherished by noble
animals, who boast the attributes of rea-
son. In truth, Rose, although a faith-
ful dog, was a real aristocrat in his prin-
ciples. The traveller, from his appear-
ance, moved in the humblest rank of
life; and Rose evidently intended to
give him a reception corresponding with
his shabby appearance, and was advanc-
ing towards him in a wary manner,
and with a truculent look, when Deacon
Willis, who well knew the peculiarities
of his dog, told his son James to go out
and protect the stranger from violence.
"He seems a sailor, too," said he, "and
on a day like this, we should not refuse
the rites of hospitality to the humblest
being who passes along the road. On
Thanksgiving day, no individual, rich
or poor, sailor or landman, should want
for a plentiful meal. Ask him in my son
continued the noble-hearted farmer;
"and let the poor wayfarer take a seat
at our board."

The stranger entered the parlor, and
room was made for him at the table.
But his appearance and manner were
strange, and he seemed as if he was ill-
disposed to requite his kind host for the
hospitality he enjoyed. He did not ev-
en raise his dilapidated hat from his
head; and to the kind inquiries which
were made of him, he scarcely deigned
in reply; but as if overcome with fa-
tigue, or agitated by contending emo-
tions, he threw himself into the nearest
chair, and covered his brow with his
hands.

The wondering group witnessed his
conduct in silence. "Come now, my
good man," at length exclaimed Mrs.
Willis in a kind motherly tone, "I dare-
say you are tired and hungry; take a
seat at the table, and make yourself
at home. We like sailors; and would
gladly do you a good turn for the sake
of one who has long been absent. Don't
fear, Mary; you should learn to re-
strain your feelings."

Just then old Rose, who, when the
sailor first came in sight, was disposed
to regard him as an enemy, appeared
to have overcome his combative propen-
sities, and, much to the surprise of
the children, seemed suddenly to have
conceived the most lively attachment to
the "poor stranger." He wagged his
tail with unwonted energy, absolutely
danced around him, whined forth his
joy in the most expressive manner, and
continued the pantomime by jumping in-
to his lap and attempting to lick his
face!

The stranger hardly attempted to re-
pulsive the affectionate animal; but gently
patting his head, addressed him with
the endearing epithet of "Poor old
Rose" adding "you have not forgotten
me."

He then raised his head, took his
hand from his forehead; removed his
hat, and brushed away the long and
matted locks which partly concealed
his features. His voice seemed to have
touched a chord in the bosoms of per-
sons present, which had long ceased to
vibrate. The eyes of Deacon Willis
and his wife were turned upon him in
rapt expectation. Mary Wardsworth
started; the rose on her cheek gave
place to the lily; and her deep-seated
and pure love proved more quick-sin-
ted than even parental affection. She
gazed upon him with a look in which
joy and surprise were blended; and met
his glance, which beamed with tenderness
and rapture; expressing the fruition
of earthly enjoyment. Her maidenly
reserve was conquered by her surprise
and joy at beholding before her, a dear
one whom she had long mourned as lost.
"It is my cousin Edward!" said she
and she threw herself into his arms.

The scene that followed may be im-
agined, but cannot be described; nor
shall I attempt it. There was no longer
any alloy in the enjoyment of that
happy family; and Deacon Willis, al-
beit, always noted for his piety, never
offered up a thanksgiving prayer with
greater fervency and sincerity than on
that occasion. After dinner was over,
Edward had a long tale to tell, to which
his auditors listened with breathless at-
tention, of the perils and sufferings he
had experienced during the previous
three years. The vessel in which he
had sailed for South America, had
been suspected of carrying on a contra-

band trade; and the crew were all con-
demned to the mines for life. Edward,
with two of his companions, at the im-
minent risk of his life, succeeded in ef-
fecting his escape, and had worked his
passage home in a vessel bound to
Providence. Misfortune pursued him;
the vessel was wrecked on Block Is-
land during a heavy gale; and he, after
a desperate struggle with the waves,
succeeded in gaining the shore. He
lost no time in proceeding to Providence
in a fishing craft, when he took his land
tacks on board; and, wearied, hungry,
destitute of money and clothes, a poor
shipwrecked sailor, Edward at length
reached his home.

"And you are welcome home, my
boy," exclaimed his father; "and I hope
you will never again leave us."

"I see how the wind sits," said the
worthy Deacon; "Come hither, Mary
Wardsworth."

Mary, with trembling steps, approach-
ed her guardian.

"Mary," said the Deacon; "We must
look to you for security that Edward
will never play truant again."

He put her trembling hand in that of
his son.

Edward has never been to sea since.
He is now a happy and a prosperous
farmer; and blessed with an affectionate
wife, three lovely children, he every
year welcomes the approach of Novem-
ber, and reads in the Mercantile Jour-
nal, with keen gratification, the Gov-
ernor's Proclamation for THANKSGIV-
ING DAY.

CHINESE YOUTH.—The follow-
ing account is given by a correspondent
of the Christian Watchman, of a Chi-
nese youth now in Baltimore. The
letter is dated Oct. 29.

His name is Julian Ahona, from the
city of Canton in China. His father
has been an extensive tea merchant,
carrying on the trade with different na-
tions. Julian was left fatherless at the
age of nine years. About four years
since he was induced by the friends of
the deceased father, to visit Valparaiso
in South America. He remained there
about three years, and then came to
this city, by the invitation of our citi-
zens. He was placed at the institution
with which I am connected, for the
purpose of giving him a knowledge of
the English language. I took occa-
sion almost every day to converse with
him, privately, on the Christian religion,
and to explain to him its sublime
truths, as far as his limited knowledge
of our language would enable him to un-
derstand them.

At first, he did not wish to embrace
Christianity, preferring the idolatrous
monies of his own country. His
soul, however, came to the conclusion
that the Christian religion was superior
to any other. I asked him if he knew
any thing about Jesus Christ? He an-
swered in the affirmative; and stated
that our Saviour came into the world,
joined a company of gamblers, engaged
with them in a quarrel, and thus lost
his life. This he was told in South
America. I corrected the error, and
pointed to the cross of Christ. As soon
as he learned how much Jesus had suf-
fered for us, he became convinced that
our religion would, if possessed, secure
the eternal salvation of his soul, he
said that "must have it," and was
willing to use any means which might
be thought proper. He gave delight-
ful evidence of having passed from death
into life. "O, says he, 'I shall ever
thank the Lord that I came to America,
for here I have found my Saviour!' He
has been buried with Christ by baptism
and united with the First Baptist church
in this place. He is very desirous to
become a missionary to his native coun-
try, and says that he is willing to suffer
anything, even death, if necessary for
the sake of Jesus.

He speaks and writes the Chinese
and Spanish languages with facility.—
He has in Canton a brother, who
teaches the Chinese, and other relatives
of influence. He is 19 years of age,
quick to learn, has a strong mind, and
is very exemplary in his conduct.
Should his life be spared, we may con-
fidently hope that he will be a great
blessing to the millions of his country-
men, who, amidst a thousand super-
stitions, are pressing onward to their
terrible doom.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—A cor-
respondent of the N. York Observer
writing from Carara in Italy, gives the
following interesting information:

But the object most interesting, and
to which we were finally introduced,
was the statue of Washington by our
own artist Greenough, destined for the
rotunda of the Capitol. It is just now
ready for the hand of its designer, but
some time must still be spent in getting
it to Florence and giving the last touch
es; and two years may elapse before it
takes its destined place. The materi-
als is of a coarser grain than the first
rate statuary marble, which it is next
to impossible to obtain in sufficient size

for so huge a work. The half draped
figure is in a sitting posture, and exhib-
its great dignity and force. The
countenance is serene majesty, in the
best model familiar to every Amer-
ican as that of his own father; and the
whole work when finished will be found
worthy of the good fame of the artist.
It would be going beyond a traveller's
license to offer criticism or even to give
a more minute description, while the
statue is still incomplete. In looking
upon the immense mass of marble,
one is puzzled to know how it can be
safely floated across the Atlantic. Ev-
en a ship of the line can only take it
on deck.

A DESTRUCTIVE.—A writer in the
last No. of the Journal of the American
Temperance Union makes the follow-
ing specific charges against alcohol. He
asserts that it occasions,

1. Three-fourths of the crime in the State of New York.
 2. Seven-eighths of the pauperism.
 3. Three-fourths of the taxation.
 4. One third of the deaths of adult males.
 5. Nearly half of the diseases.
 6. From twenty to thirty thousand drunkards.
 7. Loss of twelve years, on the average, from each drunkard's life.
 8. The destruction of millions of property, annually, in one way or other.
- But there is a great amount of evil
produced by alcohol which is not usually
referred to this source. A very
great part of the hatlessness, indiffer-
ence, inattention to family affairs, loss
of time, want of enterprise and energy,
and general delinquency which are no-
ticed among the poorer classes, and
which are spoken of only as natural fail-
ings or moral defects, are doubtless the
result of drinking; and this too in many
cases in which a character for intem-
perance is never acquired!

North Amer.

"I'LL TRY SIX!" was the answer of
the brave General Miller, when ordered
to take the enemy's battery at Bridge-
water. He did try, and though there
was a hailstorm of musketry and the
thunder of cannon about his ears, he
did try, and won the victory. Here is
an example for every young man to imi-
tate. Never despair, even in the most
difficult and trying circumstances. "I'll
try sir!" will do wonders in other ways
than forming a battery. "I'll try," if
absolutely tried will carry the young
merchant onward to wealth—the man of
haste ambition upward to fame—the
man of virtue and piety to the accom-
plishment of purposes dear to his heart.
Let a man sit down at the foot of a
great mountain, says Dr Johnson, to
contemplate its greatness, and he will
say, "I can never go over it; the attempt
is futile." Yet on a secondary thought,
he concludes the task can be performed
not by one mighty leap, but by succes-
sive steps, and by the simple process of
putting one foot before the other.
Again—"The chief art," says Locke, "is
to attempt but little at a time. The
wildest excursions of the mind are
made by short flights frequently re-
peated; the most lofty fabrics are form-
ed by the accumulation of simple propo-
sitions. Drops of water constitute an
ocean; sands make a mountain, and the
rocks are not worn away by a sudden
force, but by continual dropping.

PERSIAN FABLE.—A drop of wa-
ter fell out of a cloud into the sea, and
finding itself lost in such an immensity
of fluid matter broke out into the follow-
ing reflection: "Alas! what an incon-
siderable creature am I in this prodigi-
ous ocean of waters; my existence is
of no concern to the universe; I am re-
duced to a kind of nothing, and am less
than the least of the works of God." It
so happened that an oyster, which lay
in the neighborhood of this drop, chanced
to gape and swallow it up in the
midst of this its humble soliloquy. The
drop, says the fable, lay a great while
hardening in the shell, till by degrees
it was ripened into a pearl, which fall-
ing into the hands of a diver, after a
long series of adventures, is at present
that famous pearl which is fixed on the
top of the Persian diadem.—Addison.

Delicate Attentions.—In the tenth cen-
tury, to eat off the same plate, and
drink out of the same cup, was consid-
ered a mark of gallantry, and the best
possible understanding between a lady
and a gentleman.

Sick Headache.—This is a disease with which
some people are terribly afflicted—and called for
on this subject may be useful. Dr. Bur-
New York, in a letter to Dr. Alcott
of Boston, says, "not a case of
che has ever occurred within
except with the drinkers of
not a case has been of
tire renuncy."

WhyND?—
asked a B.L. H.
cause he DE